

he takes nothing with him that he calls his own. A friend charged with messages to him in Rome could only find him after much patient searching, and, though well known to many, by sight, he has no intimate friends. "I live to myself [he says], without friends. Friends are a costly indulgence; they lay on us obligations of speech or silence, like parties in politics. I believe in no such obligations. I belong to no party, and wish to belong to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it Party, Society, or State. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I, at least, have no talent as a citizen, the leader of a school, or a member of a party; and there must be thousands like me." Concerning his manner of working, Ibsen says: "When I am writing, I must be alone; if I have the eight characters of a drama to do with, I have society enough: they keep me busy: I must learn to know them. And this process of making their acquaintance is slow and painful. I make, as a rule, three casts of my dramas, which differ considerably from each other. I mean in characteristics, not in the course of the treatment. When I first settle down to work out my material, I feel as if I had got to know my characters on a railway journey; the first acquaintance is struck up, and we have chatted about this and that. When I write it down again, I already see everything much more clearly, and I know the people as if I had stayed with them for a month at a watering place. I have grasped the leading points of their characters and their little peculiarities, but I might yet make a mistake in important points. At last, in the final cast, I have reached the limits of my acquaintances; I know my people from close and lasting intercourse; they are my trusted friends, who have no surprise in store for me; as I see them now, so shall I always see them." Ibsen's fame rests largely on his social dramas, in which the revolutionary aspirations of the masses now agitating the world attain artistic expression. His position in relation to the burning question of the times may be gathered from a letter he wrote to Georg Brandes, in which he says: "The State must be abolished. In a revolution that would bring about so desirable a consummation I should gladly take part. Undermine the idea of the commonwealth, set up spontaneity and spiritual kinship as the sole determining points in a union, and there will be attained the beginning of a freedom that is of some value. Changes in the form of government are nothing else than different degrees of trifling,—a little more or a little less absurd folly." In a speech to a club of workmen at Drønheim, he said: "Mere democracy cannot solve the social question. An element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us. From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people,—from our women and our workmen. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the workers and women. In this I place all my hopes and expectations; for this I will work all my life and with all my strength."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XIX., Finch-Forman. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder and Co.; Toronto: Williamson.

If it must be said that there are a great many names in the present volume—more, perhaps, than in any previous one—of which the general reader has never heard, it should be added that the articles are not, on that account, uninteresting. A dictionary is generally said to be dry reading, but we can assure those who may take the present instalment of Mr. Stephen's Dictionary in hand, that they will find its contents highly entertaining as well as instructive. The reader may pass from article to article and find that he has revived his knowledge of general English history in an astonishing manner, besides making acquaintance with the personal history of a number of men and women—good, bad, and indifferent—who have, through many ages, been silently and otherwise making that history.

First in the volume come twenty pages of Finches, some of them not undistinguished, yet calling for no special notice here. Among the Fishers there stands out prominently John, the saintly Bishop of Rochester, one of the illustrious victims of the tyranny of Henry VIII., perishing in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The article on this good man, by Mr. Bass Mullinger, is excellent in itself, a good example of what such a condensed biography ought to be, and a good specimen of the high character of the treatment of illustrious men which is common in this great Dictionary. Here are some lines from it: "Fisher's genuine attachment to learning is shown by the sympathy which he evinced with the new spirit of biblical criticism which had accompanied the Renaissance. It was mainly through his influence that Erasmus was induced to visit Cambridge, and the latter expressly attributes it to his powerful protection that the study of Greek was allowed to go on in the university without active molestation of the kind which it had to encounter at Oxford." So much for the enlightenment of the scholar. As for his death, we are told, "All the narratives agree in representing Fisher as meeting death with a calmness, dignity, and pious resignation which greatly impressed the beholders. The intelligence of Fisher's death was received with feelings approaching to consternation, not only by the nation, but

by Europe at large. Paul III. declared that he would sooner have had his two grandsons slain, and in a letter to Francis I. says that 'he is compelled, at the unanimous solicitation of the cardinals, to declare Henry deprived of his kingdom and of the royal dignity.'" As we pass from article to article, it is forced upon us that any careful reader of this work will have a very complete knowledge, not only of England, but of European history. The article following is a good one on a very different man, John Fisher, the Jesuit, whose real name, we are reminded, was Percy.

Among the Fitzalans, perhaps the most interesting is Henry, twelfth Earl of Arundel, on whom we would gladly pause, but there is too much before us. Among the Fitzgeralds we find two Edwards, both men of mark in different ways, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, "the rebel," and Edward Fitzgerald, poet and translator, whose "Remains" have just been published by Mr. Aldis Wright, the author of this article. It is a brief sketch, but it is sufficient, and will remind readers of a name liable to be forgotten, and worthy of being remembered. The Fitzgeralds, it may be remarked, occupy more than forty pages of the Dictionary.

Among shorter memoirs we note that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was married to George IV., "probably the only woman to whom George IV. was sincerely attached." Another worth noting is the article on the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. Mr. Morse Stephens, the writer, does justice, in a few words, to Berwick's military genius, which readers of Bishop Burnet might be induced to depreciate. A good many Fitzwilliams are chronicled, and some of them are men of mark. A very admirable and comparatively lengthy article is devoted to Flamsteed, the astronomer, furnished with a very complete apparatus of authorities at the end. The same may be said of the article on Flaxman, although, naturally, the concluding note is brief. Among the Fleetwoods, not the least important is the republican General, who helped his great superior officer to gain the battle of Dunbar.

Among a considerable number of distinguished Fletchers we pause over Giles, father and son, and still longer over John, the colleague of Beaumont, and, as has been said, in one case, the co-writer of "The two noble kinsmen" with the great Shakespeare. So at least the title page of the first edition declares; and Mr. Bullen, in the article before us, remarks, "It is difficult to ascribe to Shakespeare any share in the conduct of the plot, but it is infinitely more difficult to conceive that any other hand wrote the first scene (with the opening song), Arcite's invocation to Mars (v. 1), and the description of the accident that resulted in Arcite's death (v. 4). Outside Shakespeare's later plays there is nothing that can be compared with these passages." Mr. Overton contributes an admirable article on another Fletcher, Wesley's devout friend, little known, it is to be feared, by the present generation, but lovingly remembered by those addicted to the mystical type of piety, as Fletcher, or de la Flechère of Madeley.

Several distinguished persons of the name of Forbes are commemorated in this volume; among others the famous Bishop Forbes, author of the *Considerationes Modestæ*, and the scarcely less eminent Bishop Alexander Penrose Forbes, late of Brechin; also Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, and many others. Mr. Bullen has an excellent article on John Ford the dramatist. From this brief review of the volume it will be seen that there are few names of the first rank; but, for all that, there is not one unreadable page in the whole book.

A HARDY NORSEMAN. By Edna Lyall. Toronto: William Bryce.

The author of this novel promises to be as voluminous a producer as Mrs. Oliphant or Mrs. Alexander. "A Hardy Norseman" has scarcely as many popular qualities about it as her earlier books, but it will attract cultivated readers, who ought to find much that is beautiful and inspiring in its pages.

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS: The Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1889.

Apart from his antipathy to supernaturalism one might say that the conclusions of this writer fall in with those which seem to be the result of the deepest philosophical study of the last century. Whether Kant was a dualist or a monist is a question which seems to be nearly decided; but, although he was probably a dualist, it is agreed that his philosophy was properly monistic in character, and necessarily became so in the hands of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. This is substantially what Dr. Carus tells us; and we imagine that he is himself very much what we generally mean by the word Pantheist. Whether Hegel was so or not is one of the questions which does not seem as yet to be finally settled.

The general position of Dr. Carus may be understood from the following lines, which he places on the title page of his book:

No Agnosticism, but Positive Science;
No Mysticism, but Clear Thought;
Neither Supernaturalism nor Materialism,
But a Unitary Conception of the World;
No Dogma but Religion;
No Creed but Faith.

So far is there from being any real antithesis in several of these opposed propositions that, with one or two exceptions, they are all quite compatible with each other. If there is nothing but what is generally understood as Positive Science, then there is Agnosticism. Either Super-

naturalism or Materialism is quite consistent with a Unitary Conception of the world. So far is Creed from being contradictory to Faith that we cannot conceive of faith which has not a creed of some kind behind it. For all this, the book is pleasantly written and may exercise thought.

THE LOSS OF THE SWANSEA. By W. L. Alden. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

The multitude of boys who have been delighted by "The Moral Pirates," "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," and "The New Robinson Crusoe," will hail with expectations of new enjoyment "The Loss of the Swansea." Nor will they be disappointed. It is a story of the adventures of two boys who fell into the hands of pirates a hundred and fifty years ago, and the narrative of their sufferings and final escape is of intense interest. The style is simple and direct, and marks Mr. Alden as a born story-writer.

BANQUET OF PALACIOS. A Comedy. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: C. L. Moore, Walnut Street.

This is an exceedingly brilliant little play, laid in the South America of to-day, and crowded with images and illusions all thoroughly Southern in their origin and bent. Of course, being couched in the dramatic form there must be hints of Shakespeare—in Falcon's speech to the drunken priest and gentleman, for example, and in various other places. Then, no sooner have we abandoned Shakespeare than we hear a note of Molière (*pace* M. Coquelin), as in the scene where Palacios receives his guests in a dressing-gown not to his taste. But perhaps these unconscious modellings only add to the interest of the little play, which is, as a whole, very well worked out and full of curious points and poetical images.

VITUS BERING: The Discoverer of Bering Strait. By Peter Lauridsen. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. 1889.

This most timely and interesting work has been given to the public by a member of the Council of the Royal Danish Geographical Society, and editor of Jens Munk's "Navigatio Septentrionalis," translated from the original Danish by Julius E. Olson, assistant Professor of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. It comes to us further introduced and fathered by Frederick Schwatka, author of "Alaska's Great River," and otherwise well known. The book, though small in bulk, contains a great amount of information concerning the Russian explorations of 1725, and subsequent years. Bering was Russia's first great navigator and explorer, and is regarded as such in parts of his native country, whereas we are very much afraid people in America talk of Bering Strait without ever realizing what manner of man he was that gave his name to a country now of the first importance. The work recalls the adventurous courage of a McClure or a Franklin, and ought to be eagerly welcomed by all who desire to make the acquaintance of a resolute, gifted, enthusiastic, and daring character. The illustrations and charts increase the interest all classes of readers will doubtless feel in the publication of "Vitus Bering." We follow the translator's lead in our spelling.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS: From Celt to Tudor. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A more delightful volume than Ik Marvel's latest contribution to literature has never been issued by the Scribners. It breathes the most loving and reverent spirit towards all English things, particularly the varied elements of that wonderful England of the early centuries, which resulted in all that we now hold dear. The book, having grown out of a series of informal lecture-talks with some friends, is distinguished by a certain colloquial charm, and is exceedingly vivacious, sparkling, and full of cultured expression. It does not aspire to be a text-book, yet it is much more than a collection of opinions on men and things, so that it will most certainly interest a wide circle of readers. Mr. Mitchell paints the early life of the self-denying English monks, the exterior of a Norman castle, the illuminated missal, the ruined abbey, the career of Sidney, the genius of Elizabeth, with equal skill and fidelity, and with just the proper allowance of American seasoning to make the whole fairly original—clearly a matter of some difficulty, where the subject is one so well-worn. In fact, it is delightful to meet with an American publication revealing, as this does, such a love and admiration for the old England of the grand days of Raleigh and Drake, Bacon and Locke, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The style recalls the eloquent periods of Collier, and the criticism offered is always true and generous. It is very commonly remarked in the United States that much time is lost at school and college reading English history. Again and again has the complaint been made that the natives of America would do better to busy themselves with the history of their own country, and to this most sensible remark the answer will be that by all means the study of American history is necessary and, as far as it goes, beneficial. But compared with the history of England, what a limit is set to its benefiting powers. To the student of real history, —the history of the human spirit—that of Great Britain must ever remain paramount, and the present work will do an incalculable amount of good if it makes the dim beginnings of England interesting to those who see in them —perhaps for the first time—all the potency and the might and the charm of her later years. In this hope, it may be said that "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" has been given to the public.